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MISSIONS:

A POEM,

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By WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

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MISSIONS.

Spirit of Missions! Spark of genuine flame!
In God or man developed, still the same.
The same, where'er Messiah's followers go,—
Lights of the world,—to scatter light below.
The same, where rise the gorgeous temple's walls,
And where on Heaven the forest suppliant calls.
The same that bids the herald tempt the wave
For burning India, her lost sons to save:
Or prompts unnamed philanthropy to trace
Through lanes and alleys, misery's dwelling-place.
The same, where'er benevolence is known,—
Lingering in hovels, seated on the throne;
Thee, Spirit! we discern, and hail thee now,
Essence divine,—Religion's daughter, Thou!

Ere in the void the firmament was hung,
Creation's birth ere stars and seraphs sung,
Thou hadst thy being. Thousand, thousand times
Ten thousand harps had woke immortal chimes
To thy sweet praises, and the song above
To thee was rendered, known in heaven as Love.

Say, who of mortals introduced thee here,
And brought celestial blessedness so near?
Say, who of man the sandal girded first,
To seek a welcome, or shake off its dust?
Peace at the door to leave, or doom, more dread
Than that which fell on guilty Sodom's head?
Nay, no mere mortal first that passage trod,
The prince of missions was the Son of God!
Behold him, in the opening blush of youth,
In his own temple! See the Life, the Truth,
Pointing to venerable men the way
That scribes may miss,—from which the sage may stray.
While scanning there the Missionary Boy,
The skill of ancients finds perplexed employ,
They listen, wondering,—and subdued is pride,
By Wisdom, Beauty, Grace, personified.
Behold him in his Father's work engaged!
Work to be done, though unchained demons raged.
The lame he heals, the blind to sight restores,
And resurrection on death's chamber pours;—
Type of the power the God possessed within,
To cure the soul, and raise the dead in sin.

Last words are precious. Who that bendeth o'er
The form so loved, so soon beheld no more,—
And marks the eye, which, at the spirit's flight,
Kindles unwonted, quenched too soon in night,—
Doth catch not, ere they 're hushed in silent death,
The lightest whisper of the parting breath,

And waits and watches not, in painful fear
Lest e'en one word,—the last,—may fail his ear?
O, how intensely Love doth gather these!
And when the struggling soul has gained release,
No miser treasures gold as Love will hoard,
And to the tittle, will fulfil each word.
Man unto man is faithful:—is he thus
To God? Past centuries! ye shall answer us.

Twilight was gathering o'er the Syrian hills,
And day's last gleam lay on Judea's rills;
The soothing silence, light's departure brings,
Came, gratefully, on sober evening's wings;
And far round Bethany the influence spread,
Which, o'er retirement's hour is softly shed;
When Jesus, with his faithful followers, came,
On final errand. Him they knew, the same
Late lost in death, but now in triumph found,
Revisiting the loved, familiar ground,—
Martha and Mary's town, where Lazarus rose;—
There doth the Saviour all his love disclose,
And give his last command,—fulfilled, when sea,
And earth, as heaven, to Him shall subject be:
"Go ye, and teach all nations; in the name
Of Love eternal, saving love proclaim."
Finished his work,—the great commission given,
A cloud his car, the God ascends to heaven.

Thus are we answered:—Eighteen hundred years
Of crime, and blood, and ignorance, and tears,
On hoary Olivet have dial kept,
And o'er her Lord's last words, the Church has slept.

Yet, gracious Saviour, fell thy words on hearts
Slow to believe, and faint to act their parts?
Deemed the apostles that Jerusalem,
Their field, appropriate, would suffice for them?
And fear'd they hardship, and that hands which slew
The Master, would destroy the servant too?
Or, passed they not from land to land, in turn,
Like flames of fire, to purify and burn!
Thy love, alone, constraining them, to spread
The light of life through regions of the dead?
They did,—and Earth, from east to western sea,
From north to south, was rendered back to thee.
Where slept that spirit,—mighty, godlike, then,—
In following ages? Saviour! why slept men?

The night, that lowered upon the nations, broke;
The slumbering Church to duty slowly woke;
And here and there, some stars, that tokened day,
Were seen to tremble out in gladdening ray:—
Xavier and Swartz,—to Europe dimly known,—
With glorious lustre on the Orient shone.
And some looked out along this western sky,—
Lights of God's kindling, which may never die.

Beauty and romance, in rich tints, are flung [1]
Round David Brainerd, at his Crossweeksung.
'T is his, the Indian proselytes to lave
(The Spirit's work) in the baptismal wave;
In presence of the sky, and their wild woods,
With solemn music of their native floods.
Himself, a young disciple, round whom stand,—
Curious, yet grave,—the sovereigns of the land;
Bending dark brows;—'neath which gleam awe and love
For him,—perchance some prophet from above!
Beautiful picture!—and sublime, as fair;
What zeal, and hope, and self-denial there!

And some have heard, within these sacred halls,[2]
The secret voice that on the conscience calls;
And pondered o'er in yonder hallowed grove,
The lofty plan to spread Redeeming Love.
The vows assumed beneath that conscious shade,
By Heaven were witnessed;—Heaven has seen them paid.
There prayed they, humbly, to the Source, Divine;
There found they wisdom on their path to shine.
Nor faltered they, that path of peril known,
Nor thought indulged to keep from God his own.
Rejoiced to quell ambition's youthful pride,—
Rejoiced to climb the noble vessel's side,—
A highway opened for them, vast and wide,
A world of wo before them,—O how long
By us neglected!—Heaven forgive the wrong.

Commerce had sent her barks to every sea;
The spangled banner of the daring Free
Had tossed its haughty folds on every wind,
Long, long before,—in mercy to mankind,—
The mission-keel for Jesus ploughed the wave,
With register of things that reach beyond the grave.

'T is brave to see a gallant ship,
With snowy pinions, fly
Across the ocean, like a bird,
Beneath a pleasant sky.
'T is brave to think what precious things
Are heaped up in her hold,—
What goodly merchandize she brings,
And jewelry and gold.

How lofty is her carriage, when
She sitteth on the deep;
Her streamers loose, her canvass spread,
The rolling seas to sweep!
The loud hurrah,—the sailor's cheer,—
The tumult and the strife,—
The laugh, the farewell, and the tear;
She *is* a thing of life!

Yet braver sight I deem it is,
And goodlier, when a ship,
With Mercy's heralds, doth her wing
In yonder waters dip,—

A burden bearing, richer far
  Than gold, or cunning gem,—
Yea, wafting tidings of the star
  That shines from Bethlehem!

More blessed than the royal ships
  Of Solomon, that seas
Once traversed, for the peacocks, gums,
  And spice and almug-trees.
With other errand than the bark
  Which hoists the slaver's sail,—
On whose deck pours the curse of One
  Who *hears* the Negro's wail.

Thrice blessed! for she doth fulfil
  His high intent, who gave
A passage through all latitudes,
  A path on every wave;
And gave the needle law to turn,
  Obedient, to the pole,
That His own word may journey on,
  And visit every soul.

O 't is a holy thought, that men
  May watch, and toil, and strive,
And stir with enterprise the land,
  And make the seas alive;
And open up new avenues
  Which traffic never trod,

Only, that Earth by these may be
A highway for our God!

On! on!—degraded Africa
In this good ship has part;
A pulse of joy shall quickly beat
Throughout her mighty heart;—
And, from her farthest pyramid,
Down to her southern line,
When Freedom reigns, what exile will
Look homeward, to repine?

On! on!—the Egean (glorious sea!)
Before us gaily smiles;
And those rich emeralds on its breast,—
The lovely Grecian Isles;
And when upon each isle, the Cross
Is reared to happy men,
We will not dwell on farewell tears,
In memory's sadness then.

Where Housatonic quietly is seen
Winding its silver path through vales of green,—
Such as New-England only boasts,—one dwelt,
Who followed, busily, the world, yet knelt
Daily and truly at a better shrine,—
For this life wise, and wise for life divine.
One hapless morn, his duties seemed to ask
That on the river he should ply his task.

A storm had swept the waters. Chafing still,
The billows vexed the shore, and he from ill
Must save his craft, which at their mercy lay;
So cheerfully to labor went his way.
He sought the angry stream, and from its bed
That evening's shadows saw him taken, dead.
The widow,—name of anguish! silence best
May tell her sorrows,—sank at first, oppressed.
A Christian widow, yet was she, whose trust
Was firm in God, who laid her hopes in dust.
Rites all performed, to the departed due,
She to her chamber with her babes withdrew,
And kneeling by them, in prevailing prayer
Poured out a mother's ardent wishes there.
To Him, who makes the fatherless his care,
She gave them up;—then, on the curling head
Of her first-born, she laid her hand, and said:
"Samuel!—my son!—my eldest!—you have now
No father here to love you;—if you bow
To Christ, your Saviour, though severe this rod,
He 'll be your Father, and your gracious God."
Smiling in tears, she rose, and found relief,
Thenceforth in faith, for this her bitter grief.
That eager boy, led by maternal love,
Trod the safe ways that surely tend above.
And now, though dead, Heaven all the faith fulfils
Of her, the ancestor of sainted Mills.

O mother, take thy little son—
A path to him unknown,—

And lead him to the holy Cross;
He cannot go alone;—
And teach, betimes, those rosy lips,
Ere stain may gather there,
To lisp of God; those infant knees
O, teach to bow in prayer.

He looks to thee in confidence,—
He knows no other love;
Will thou not guide that trusting one
To better hope above?
He asks in sweet simplicity
To have his wants supplied,—
Wilt thou not teach him how to crave
Of One, who will not chide?

Thy heart is all alarm, if pain
Afflicts his languid limb,—
It soothes thee, if thou may'st but ease
One pang that troubles him;—
And wilt thou, then, unmindful be,
Lest pains without control
Should end in death,—the second death
Of the undying soul?

O, look on his uncertain step
Along the nursery floor,—
And think how swift those feet may be
To seek destruction's door!

Ay, mother! others, on whose birth
As bright a sun has shone,
Have in their follies sunk away,
And set in shame alone.

O think! thy speech, thy action, look,
Have influence to day,—
And still shall wield their influence
When worlds have fled away.
O think, that an unbidden glance
Has power on such an one,
To shape a fiend's or seraph's path,
When myriad years have run:

That this dear prattler on thy knee,
Whose face is sunshine now,
May swell the ranks who wear the curse
Of hell upon their brow;
Or, with a harp, like that on which
A Paul and Payson play,
May soar and sing, where perfect love
Makes one unclouded day.3

There is a power at the secluded hearth
Of yon New-England household, that may be
Felt by the dwellers at the ends of earth,—
Known to the islands of the distant sea.
Come! let us woo the waters, and repair
To Asia's pleasant gardens, where the palm

And fig-tree flourish ; and the gentle air,
Laden with citron, yields perpetual balm.
In this sweet Isle-of-France is seen the grave,—
Crowned with the evergreen,—where HARRIET sleeps.
What tender thoughts speed o'er the Indian wave
Where pilgrim Love for her fond vigil keeps !
What thousands, roused from sleep, have caught Love's flame ;
What thousands more its influence shall confess,
Woke by the thrilling music of her name,—
And venture all,—the heathen world to bless !

Unhappy India !—empire of the sun !—
Rich in the gifts of nature, yet undone.
Toil has been given, with many prayers for thee,
That thou from error's bondage may'st be free.
Yet time rolls on ;—in billows deep and long,
The tide rolls on,—two hundred millions strong,—
Emptying those waves of life into the sea
Of shoreless, fathomless eternity.

To urge thee downward in thy course of wo,
Hear it, high Heaven, and wonder, Earth below !
The Christian lends his influence, and for gain
Adds one more link,—the strongest,—to thy chain.
Thy native youth, by Europe's science taught,
Obtain, blest boon, the privilege of thought ;

And seeking truth,—which only maketh wise,—
Detect old frauds and superstitious lies,
And caste, and priest, and rite, at once despise.
Yet led not by philosophy to drink
At higher streams, they loiter on the brink
Of these low waters, thirsty. Who will show
The young inquirers where those fountains flow,
Of which, who drink, though searching long in vain,
Shall thenceforth live, and never thirst again?
Yonder it comes!—instruction from the West!
Gleaned from the dregs of poison that infest
Decaying France; the precepts of Voltaire,
And Paine's vile gatherings of the pit are there;
Sent out by men who tread this hallowed strand,—
This free and favored, boasting Christian land,—
Who, rather than their dreadful gains forego,
Would doom their race to everlasting wo.
Better, far better, that the Hindoo lay,
A blinded votary, still, to senseless clay,
Or sculptured stone:—for him it had been well;
He had not found, at last, so deep a hell.

So have I heard, on some rude, barbarous coast,
Where ships are wrecked and mariners are lost,
If one, perchance, is rescued from the wave,
'T is but to find on land, a surer grave;—
The robber meets him, nor regards his prayer,
But murders whom the seas and tempests spare.

Joy to the world!—the isles that ages saw
Vassals of sin, now wait Messiah's law.
Forth to their toil the missionaries go,
Gladly to lessen human guilt and wo.
God goes before them, freely to prepare
A way in pagan lands,—Salvation's highway there.
And while breaks on them, cloudlike, Oahu,
They hear the far-off cry,—"the tabu's o'er!
The altar and the god demolished too,
What Deity shall come to Obookiah's shore?"

He comes! He comes! whose mission 't is to save,
And raise the vilest from pollution's grave.
And at the music of His voice, the brand
Of death drops powerless from the assassin's hand.
She, that, inhuman, would to burial give
Her living babe, consents the babe shall live.
The feeble parent, sick, or worn with age,
Is left no more to glut some monster's rage.
The tear is shed, and heaves the contrite's sigh,
Instead of strife, and Pe-le's frantic cry.
And stealing o'er the plain and lovely dell,—
How strangely sweet!—is heard the Sabbath bell.
The word proclaimed, the Spirit comes in power;—
'T is love's reward,—'t is heaven's rejoicing hour.

And what shall mar this picture?—blasts from hell
May not destroy what God secures so well.

And who of men, if devils fail, can dim
These ocean-jewels, fashioned thus, for Him?
What savage lands?—nay, savage they were not
That furnished cargoes of the bane, to blot
These pleasant gardens from the southern deep,
And leave the Christian, patriot, man, to weep
For desolation, wrought along this shore,
Known to the elder, sister group before.
From polished climes the dreadful besom came
To sweep these islands; and the guilt and shame
Lie at the doors of holy men, whose sum
Of cash and sin is swelled by cursed New-England
rum.

Cross the Pacific to our western coast,
And vice of darker hue shall meet thee. Boast
No more of Christian courtesy;—behold!
How fiendlike, man,—in villany, how bold!
The poor Nez Perces, from their Oregon
Yearly allured to guilty towns, are won
To foul intemperance and lust;—then, fraught
With seeds of sin, are to their kindred brought;
Returned, to poison with pestiferous breath
The simple hordes, and scatter moral death. [4]

Give us the holy Book, said they,
Whose writing tells of hope and heaven:
Our lot is sad, and dark our way;
May not the blessed star of day,
To cheer the Indian's path, be given?

Ye've urged us to the farthest West,
From hunting-ground, and teeming river;
Your corn grows on our mother's breast,—
We 're trodden down, abused, oppressed,
And Manitoo will not deliver.

We 'll look to lands that may be ours,
Of running streams, and forests vernal;
Where brave men, in those happy bowers,
Pass, joyfully, the white-winged hours
That brightly link the years eternal.

We want the Book that shows the way,—
The guide, to poor, lost wanderers given;—
'T will make us glad while here we stay;
The white man's blessed star of day
Shall lead the Indian to his heaven.

The white man, with beguiling talk,
Allured the Indian to his city,
Where crime is seen in shameless walk,
And mad Intemperance doth stalk,
And glares the eye that knows not pity:

Then thrust him thence, a ruined one,
An outcast, loathsome, and heart-broken;
He begs once more,—the wretch, undone,—
The holy Book that warns to shun
Such wo, of heavenly love the token:

His cards the white man proffered then,—
Hell's printed leaves ; at such endeavor
Of wickedness, beyond *his* ken,
The devil blushed, yet triumphed, when
He saw the victim lost for ever.

Spirit of Missions, wake !—thou art awake
If we may Popery trust. See, where they break
Away, in locust swarms, from fruitful Rome,
To rear the papal throne in Freedom's home ;
And teach our sons to own a foreign power ;
Our daughters take, with modesty's rich dower,
And wed them to the Lord. Yea, bind the free
With magic influence of Saint Peter's key !
Yet, would you learn their fitness, and how wise
Are such to win the young,a sketch may well suffice.
If e'er to classic Italy you go,
Look at the schools which good Borromeo,
Milan's archbishop, founded. Popery keeps
Its vigils there, while better precept sleeps.
Sunday is chosen ; yet not Sunday schools
Deem these, though subject to religion's rules.
Behold them in the vast cathedral, where,
Sexes apart, they sit with solemn air,
And listen, as the skilful priest explains
The sinner's loss—the devotee's sure gains.
No Bible in the pupil's hand is seen,—
No library book adorns his desk of green.
And yet some guerdon waits the heavy task

Of due attendance. From kind Heaven ask
These priests indulgences for sin, to pay
The hireling scholars on each Sabbath day.
And, without sigh, or penitential grief,
Scores are wiped out by the old pontiff's brief;
Then homeward troop they,—mingling smiles and tears,—
Absolved, some five, and some five hundred years.

Dear native land! 't is said, in Heaven's decree,
That glorious things are spoken yet of thee.
That to fulfil some high intent, God gave
Thy early fathers passage o'er the wave;
And led those pilgrims on their stormy way,
His ark to shelter in yon wintry bay.
Where they, obscure, despised, in very need,
Planted in these rude hills most precious seed.
And watched its growth, and watered well its root,
And saw it redolent of leaves and fruit,—
Till, their faith realized, the giant tree
Has stretched its hundred arms from sea to sea.

Has Heaven done this,—and should'st not thou engage
In strife for Heaven, and its last battle wage?
Should'st thou not speed salvation's message, thus,
As widely, freely, as the common curse?
In every spot where wasting sin has rule,
Plant God's own nursery, the Sunday school?

Give to his Bible wings, and bid it go
Where guilt is found, and guilt's companion, wo?
Nor stay thy labor till the Eternal Son
Smiles on a world to his dominion won?

Is Wealth required? Of earth's superfluous gold,
A mite would win her back to Jesus' fold.
Its fountains are not sealed;—yon playhouse shows
When folly calls for wealth, it freely flows.
Is talent, time, or zeal required?—all these
That playhouse has, at full command, to please.
See there, for sin, how willingly engage,
With all the heart, the votaries of the stage!
Who strut and trifle, mock and laugh away,
In mimic joy and sorrow, life's poor day,
Thousands they 've lulled with pleasure's syren song,
Ten thousand witched to death by sorcery strong.
What bitter tears have wretched fathers shed
O'er manly sons,—of promise, early fled,—
What stricken mothers, silently, have laid
A broken heart to rest, where tomb-flowers fade,
For lovely daughters, sunk away in shame,
Allured, betrayed; for ever lost their name,
Amid enticements of the playhouse, where
The soil is sin,—pollution's breath the air!
What hopes, what bliss, what prospects of earth's good,
What gold, what pearls, what bodies, souls, this flood

Of vast iniquity has gorged, none may
Or count, or guess; the last revealing day
Will to the world, in the world's pyre-light, show
What wealth was whelmed in this abyss of wo. [6]

Is Chivalry required, which youth inspires?
'T is here, indeed, though lawless are its fires.
In honor, nice, it calls aloud for blood,
And will obtain it,—spite of man or God.
From yonder capital ye heard its cry,
When for their idol, fools agreed to die.
When was forgotten each appealing claim
Of right or country,—wife and child,—a name
Was periled, and in contest for a shade,
Forth went the duellist on high crusade. [7]

Yes, ye are honorable, all,
  In Congress, there's no doubt;
Your chivalry we may not call
  In question, who are out.
O no! and yet there's fresh, warm blood
  Upon your hands to day;
And earth has drunk the purple flood
  Its streams can't wash away.
Blood, too, which in their coward haste,
  Men, who from conscience shrink,
Have dared, like druids, damned, to taste,
  And given their god to drink.
Shame! where 's thy blush? we saw it, when
  We searched some felon's cell;

But with such honorable men,
Shame may not, cannot dwell!

I saw the deck of the tall vessel, when
'T was place of interest to God and men.
Her sails, all loosened to the ready breeze,
Her pennons, pointing to the distant seas,
Told us, the graceful traveler, under weigh
For foreign climes, must shortly cleave the bay.
And who are these that gather round her? some
Are whispering solace—others, grief makes dumb.
That old man, on the verge of heaven, takes
Farewell of him, who sire and home forsakes.
The bride is there—a tender, gentle girl,
Lost for the moment in the varying whirl
Of sorrow, joy, and blessed hope, as sever
Those who on earth again shall mingle never.
She hangs upon her mother;—who may tell,
O holy nature, what strong feelings swell
Within that mother's bosom! And they go,
Where mercy guides, to nations sunk in wo.
Yet think not 't is in sorrow,—that hour's bliss
Comes from another world; 't was never known
to this.

That youth will labor, suffer there, in strife
With idol powers. That female will her life
Yield up,—if need be,—where the banyans bloom,
Where no kind kindred hand may deck her tomb,

Where savage beasts, or men, more savage, roam,—
Far from her much loved Massachusetts home;
And the sweet sympathies which bless her lot,
Who languishes and dies in the dear spot
That saw her birth. The cloud of canvass spread,
The ship departs; the mission-path they tread.
Yet one last word, last wish expressed,—it swells
Along the whisper of their sad farewells,—
Asks, when of prayer we taste the soothing power,
We'll ne'er forget them,—never, in that hour.

Welcome, the hour of interceding prayer!
Welcome, the place of precious concert! where,
With one accord, the Christian suppliants meet,
And lay the heathen world at Jesus' feet.
The flame, lit up on the far Sandwich shore,
Catches from land to land, and passes o'er
Ocean and continent, till, like a robe
Of glory, prayer encompasses the globe.

Yet deem not prayer, or gold will ever win
Earth from the grasp of unrelenting sin.
Not these, alone;—there must be quenchless zeal,
And love, untiring,—which like love can feel,
And toil, as Love did; gladly, wholly, so
That heaven, all love, may dwell with men below.
Think not the work is done, or well nigh done;
To "pray and pay" some few days, and the Son
Will surely enter on his kingdom—No!

The mighty toil is but commenced; and think,
How little is accomplished!—On the brink
Of ruin, yet, how many millions stand!
How few, alas, of that immortal band
Will reach immortal life!—who of us, then,
Delays exertion for these fellow-men?
O, while we linger, lingers not death's power,
And hell has won its thousands in this hour!

Thou precious Gospel! power is seen in thee,
From every yoke, to set all captives free.
Where thy pure influence is truly felt,
Spurned are all idol gods to which man blindly knelt.
Hark! to a voice o'er glad Caribbean waves, [8]
Telling that men walk forth, no longer slaves.
The fetters broke,—for ever unconfined,
Henceforth expatiates the immortal mind,—
Doing, what mind, free as its Giver, can,
To prove the affinity of God to man.
'T is much, that now the tiller of the soil
Shall henceforth reap the harvest of his toil;
'T is much,—no longer in the world alone,
He feels home's treasures are, indeed, his own.
No tyrant's hand shall on his wife be laid,
No ruffian dealer in his children trade;—
Nor to the cord and whip shall subject be
The body,—yea, 't is more,—the SOUL is free!
The soul, once bought with priceless blood, and sold
By man, unblushingly, for sordid gold.

What earthquake cry has on that prison broke,
And from the guiltless captive loosed the yoke?
The same strong voice that rocked Philippi's cell,
Has wrought Emancipation work, so well!
The Gospel's influence stooped to melt the chain,
And bring up man to sit with men again.
O speed it then, till on *our* millions fall
Its warmth and light, which play upon the wall
Of their sad dungeon, and barred out by sin,
As yet, with blest deliverance, shine not in!

Spirit of Missions! art thou not still found
Within this presence?—awfully around!
Spirit of Missions! hast thou not a throne
In some hearts here—accepted as thy own,
That burn to herald the Redeemer's name,
In far off lands; content with pain and shame,
Sickness and sorrow,—death itself,—if they
Might win some souls, where wretched millions stray;
And lay their bones in some unnoticed grave,
Where Burmah's gardens bloom, or Jordan's palm-trees wave?

What recollections crowd upon ye still,—
Ye, who inquire, and learn your Master's will;[9]
As, often gathering in these sacred halls,
Ye counsel, pray, and ponder o'er the calls
From the far heathen! O, how kindly, then
Comes on the heart remembrance of the men

Who sat where thus ye sit, in like employ,—
Redemption their high theme,—its work their joy.
Where are they? Memory repeats it, "where!"
The sea has some, and some sepulture share
With the poor Hindoo:—will ye follow, too?
The foe is strong,—our warriors are but few.

Jericho, when the trump of jubilee
Rang round her walls the anthem of the free,
Trembled to her vast centre. Reeling, fell
Rampart and tower, as by some mighty spell.
God did it. Vain that Levite trumpeter,
With holy ark, should seven days compass her.
Not these! not these! His own Almighty blast
Her pomp and glory did to ruin cast;—
Yea, swept from earth her very name, that none
Of her rebellious seed might glean a stone.
Thus will it ever be. The only song,—
Bewildering devils with its heavenly call,—
At whose high summons gates shall open wide,
Walls crumble, and from Satan's captive throng
The dreadful fetters shall for ever fall,—
Is that of Freedom:—Go, ye heralds, go!
And strong in Israel's God,—in God, who died
To free a world,—salvation's trumpet blow.

"Come!" cry the nations, deeply sunk in wo;
Go!—for a secret voice hath bid you "Go."
Yes, and another voice speaks from the tomb,
ust closed o'er talent, worth, and youthful bloom.

He speaks, who yesterday assumed the shield,
Here, in your ranks, prepared to take the field,
And of his weapon made one proof below.
He, from his coffin speaks, and bids you, "Go!"
Yes, from his glory says, "Brief life,—well trod
Its path of DUTY,—surest leads to God!"

Pass on, ye hours! O, haste to joyful birth,
Thou day, so long foretold, when ruined Earth,—
The only planet on which rays divine,
Of love, complacent, do not fully shine;
The only star of all the glittering train
That onward rolls, and seems to roll in vain,—
Shall be restored to His exalted sway,
Whom atoms serve, and worlds, immense, obey.

It comes! it comes!—already, I behold
Millennial splendors to all lands unrolled.
Issuing in glory from her night of woes,
What wondrous scenes doth earth to heaven disclose!
Sin, the destroyer, and its fruits unknown,—
Religion treads an Eden now her own.
What millions gather at the hallowed time,
When labor pauses, at the Sabbath's chime!
What little ones are grouped, in flocks untold,
Within the Sabbath school's delightful fold;
And every lamb, led by the Shepherd, seen
By sparkling founts, in fields of living green.
No hasting heralds search the heathen world,
On every hill, behold, the Cross unfurled!

Peace o'er the nations in rich beauty shed,
One family of love,—one Church,—one Head;
And earth returned from bondage, guilt and tears,
A weary wanderer of six thousand years!

NOTES.

(1) Sparks's American Biography.

(2) "In connection with Messrs. Newell, Judson, Nott and Hall, he held frequent consultations on this momentous subject, which resulted in a resolution to combine their exertions for effecting a mission to foreign lands. There is a beautiful grove that spreads itself in the rear of the buildings of the Andover Theological Seminary; and 'along that shady walk,' says one of his fellow-missionaries, where I have often walked alone, Mr. Mills has frequently been my companion, and there urged the importance of missions to the heathen. And when we had reached some sequestered spot, where there was no fear of interruption, he would say,—'Come, God alone can guide us right; let us kneel down and pray;' and then he would pour out his soul in ardent supplication for the blessing of God, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit."—*Life of Samuel J. Mills.*

(3) St. Augustine, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century, was, till his 28th year, only a "bitterness to her that bore him." From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience; he broke away from all moral restraints, and spent his youth amidst scenes of baseness and corruption. But in all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a *weeping, praying mother.* Her tears, on his account, watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God. "It is not *possible*," said a certain bishop, in reply to her importunity, that he would endeavor to reclaim her son,—"Good woman, it is not POSSIBLE that a child of such tears should perish." And at length the son himself carried to his praying mother the news of his conversion, and she received "the oil of joy for mourning," and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.—*Mothers' Magazine.*

(4) *Astonishing Disclosure.*—A friend has put into our hands, for publication, the following extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Spaulding, missionary on Columbia river, dated, Feb. 16, 1837. The truth of the disclosures cannot be doubted, although they are almost too wicked to be believed:

"Even at this great remove from the fountains of

moral corruption, a small rivulet, now and then, may be seen. Every year, a greater or less number of Nez Perces are taken to St. Louis, and return, if their constitutions outride the storms of intemperance and licentiousness, to scatter the seeds of moral death among their unsuspecting countrymen. Nor have I yet, I fear, caused to be burnt all the PACKS OF CARDS which have *been sold for the Bible* to the inoffensive people, long seeking for, and offering any price to get hold of, that precious book. So the devil is found in sheep's clothing, even on the Rocky Mountains. They tell me they have sometimes given a horse for a pack of cards, which, they were told, was positively the Word of God; but which they now call *the book from below.* They say they have, for some time, distrusted the men that would bring 'fire water' to the mountains, drink it, and then kill each other."—*Boston Courier.*

(5) Rev. Daniel Wilson's Tour through Europe.

(6) "The infidel philosopher, Rousseau, declared himself to be of opinion that the theatre is, *in all cases*, a school of vice. Though he had, himself, written for the stage, yet, when it was proposed to establish a theatre in the city of Geneva, he wrote against the project with zeal, and great force, and expressed the opinion that every friend of pure

morals (and of youth) ought to oppose it. Alas, that which infidelity has condemned as a fruitful source of corruption and shame, is publicly advocated and patronized in our midst,—yea, more,—vindicated and patronized by some, professing godliness!"

(7) "The wind was so high that they could not shoot with any accuracy;—else the same fate might have fallen to Graves. But sir,

> Happy was he that died;
> For many deaths will the survivor die.

"There is not an *honorable* (?) man living, who knows all the circumstances, that would not, at this moment, prefer the situation of Mr. Cilley, stiff and cold as he is, to that of his antagonist, and of his antagonist's seconds, who perpetrated his MURDER."—*Correspondent of the New York Gazette.*

(8) The glorious First of August, 1838.

(9) Society of Inquiry on Missions.

(10) Mr. Homer Taylor, member of the senior class at the Theological Seminary, Andover, recently preached his first and last sermon, in the chapel of the Institution, and then entered into the joy of his Lord.

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